National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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IN THE WILD WEST.

Arizona at the Outbreak of the Rebellion.

CONFEDERATE PLANS

To Secure California and the Territories.

ON THE GREAT DESERT.

Campaigning Across the Arid Plains in 1862.

BY J. C. HALL, WALLINGFORD, CONN.

It may not be generally known that the Confederates had in the first year of the late war entire possession of the Territory of Arizona, but such is the fact. At the beginning of the war about one-half of the whole population of California were in sympathy with the South. It was about an even thing whether the State would remain in or secede from the Union.

There is no question that the Confederate Government saw the importance of encouraging the feelings of disloyalty in California, and the value it would be to their Government to gain possession of this land of wealth and gold, and thus get a foothold on the Pacific Coast. It has been admitted that it was for this avowed purpose that Gen. H. H. Sibley left San Antonio, Tex., with 3,700 soldiers. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was at that time in command of the Department of the Pacific, and it was by prompt action and almost strategy on the part of our Government that he was relieved by Gen. E. V. Sumner, thus frustrating the traitor's plans and putting a stop to the openly hostile actions of the Confederate sympathizers. Gen. Johnston and many more of the prominent Confederates, on being thus checkmated, soon left the State and served in the Confederate armies. Gen. Johnston had his plans nearly brought to a focus for a general outbreak, but the prompt and decisive action of the Federal Government destroyed them, and thus saved history from recording a contest which would have been

MORE DESPERATE, MORE BITTER,

and more disastrous than any that took place in any part of the United States during the fierce and terrible four years' war.

Shortly after this Col. James H. Carlton was directed to organize what was known as the California Column, consisting of the 1st and 5th Inf., 1st and part of 2d Cav., California volunteers, and Light Battery A, 3d U. S. Art. We were to proceed to the Rio Grande; and to give an idea of the undertaking, I will say it is about 900 miles from Los Angeles to the Rio Grande, most of the way being an uninhabited desert, with a great scarcity of wood and water. We knew nothing of what was before us, and the whole country between Fort Yuma and the Rio Grande, a distance of 600 miles, was in the hands of the savage Apaches and a force of Confederates from Texas, of whose strength we knew nothing. There were no railroads in that country in those days. All communication had been cut off. There was hardly anything to sustain life in the whole distance for man or beast, except what was hauled with the greatest difficulty across the Colorado and Gila Deserts.

In the Fall of 1861 the column made a camp, called Camp Latham, near Los Angeles. On the 4th day of December, 20 men of us, recruits for Co. K (which had not been organized), with a train of wagons, started for Fort Yuma in command of Lieut. Nicholas S. Davis, of Co. A. At this time four companies had reached Fort Yuma, and one or two were stationed at Camp Wright, about half way between Camp Latham and Fort Yuma. I shall not tire the reader with a description of our long marches from Los Angeles to Fort Yuma, a distance of 276 miles, only to say the whole country passed over abounds in wonderful, rare

AND SUBLIME BEAUTY

to be seen in no other part of the world. The country between Los Angeles and Camp Wright was at that time almost wholly uninhabited, except by a few rancheros, who owned vast herds of cattle, horses and sheep, that roamed over these immense and fertile plains.

Words cannot portray the beauties of this land of sunshine as viewed in the month of December, with its clear sky, soft and delightful climate, rivaling that of Italy. Its immense prairies, covered with a verdure of green grass, and dotted here and there with vast herds of cattle, with brown, towering, jagged mountain-peaks of great magnitude in the distance, would have been a continual feast for the soul of an artist.

We reached Camp Wright on the 12th, having traveled 119 miles. Here we found the Confederate Showalter, with 20 of his men, who were captured while making their way to join the Confederate army. We made a halt here four days, and were then ordered on again, in company with 20 cavalrymen, taking with us Showalter and his party.

As we neared Valecito the face of the country began to change. There was something oppressive in the view around us. All life seemed to be dying out, and I shall never forget the sight and my feelings as I looked for the first time from a hight down upon the awful and repulsive expanse of the Colorado Desert. It was as still as death; there was not a sound to indicate that a thing lived. Ahead of us, as far as the eye could reach, was the barren desert, with not a green thing to attract the eye, and on either side were immense ranges of mountains, having the same brown appearance of

DREARINESS AND DEATH.

Upon reaching the desert we were repaid for all our hardships by a wonderful sight. The mirage of the desert could be seen every morning, and my pen cannot describe this marvelous view as it appeared before us. Many times were we deceived while marching along with parched tongues and suffering from thirst, by the appearance of what seemed to be a beautiful sheet of water in advance, but which would entirely disappear on a nearer approach. Mountains of strange appearance would appear, through which could be seen great arches; then like a mist these would gradually vanish, and other views, like ships at sea and landscapes of all imaginary kinds, would appear, to be gradually swept away like those before them.

Then, walking at a great hight in the sky, with their heads down and feet up, could be seen men of gigantic proportions—a reflection of ourselves. There is nothing in the great cities of New York, London or Paris made by the hand of man that can compare with this marvelous and wonderful freak of nature, as seen upon the Colorado Desert.

We reached Fort Yuma, situated on the Colorado River, with the prisoners, without mishap, on the 28th day of December. Although the country adjacent to Fort Yuma is weird and barren, that around the fort had its beauties. The banks of the river

THE MULE BATTERY.

above and below as far as the eye could see were covered with groves of cottonwood and mesquit, and the valleys for miles were clothed with a dense growth of willow and reeds. The Yuma Indians visited us in numbers every day, and their visits rather seemed to be courted by some of the men in our command. I remember one instance, when one of our officers was very friendly to one of the squaws, and soon after leaving her alone in his quarters one day she appeared to the public gaze of the whole garrison with her face all plastered over with

UNCLE SAM'S POSTAGE STAMPS.

While here our detachment of 20 men was drilled on what the boys called the "Jackass Battery," which was composed of three 12-pound mountain howitzers. They were made expressly for fighting Indians, and were arranged so that they could be dismounted and placed on the backs of horses or mules. There were pack-saddles made for the express purpose. The gun was carried on the back of one mule, the carriage and wheels on the back of another, and the ammunition boxes on another, taking three animals for one gun. They were so arranged that they could be taken into the mountains where there were no roads, in warfare against the Indians.

We had drilled with these till we had become very proficient and could handle them with dexterity and dispatch.

At this time rumor said the forces under Sibley were marching on Fort Yuma. Fort Buchanan, in Arizona, had been deserted, and Fort Breckinridge, which cost the Government half a million dollars, had been burnt by Lieut. Moore, of the U. S. Army, on the approach of the Confederates. The Government troops even destroyed their wagon-train near Cook's Canyon, in their haste to reach Fort Craig, N. M.

This left the Confederates entirely in possession of Arizona. Stacks of hay which had been accumulated along the Gila for our animals had been burned by them. Capt. Wm. McCleave, Co. A, 1st Cav., and eight or ten men, while scouting, were, through treachery, decoyed into White Ranch,

OVERPOWERED, AND TAKEN PRISONERS

to the Rio Grande. McCleave was afterward exchanged, and distinguished himself for skill and bravery in campaigns against the Apache, Comanche and Navajoe Indians.

He is now residing at Berkeley, in California, an honored and respected citizen, having been retired from the U. S. Army.

On the 22d of March, 1862, Co. I of the infantry and two companies of cavalry, in command of Capt. Calloway, of Co. I, crossed the Colorado River and at once took up their march across the wilds of Arizona. We—the recruits—received orders on the 26th to follow and take with us the famous "Jackass Battery." We were in command of Lieut. Jeremiah Phelen. Once in Arizona, we were in the home of the Apache, and had to be ever on the alert for fear of a sudden attack. The whole country along the Gila is resplendent with a wild, weird and unnatural grandeur—a soft, misty, glowing atmosphere hanging over the whole country. In many places as far as the eye could reach were vast deserts dotted with mesquit brush and a great variety of cactus; in others, vast ranges of mountains, with no sign of bush or tree, towering to a great hight, and appearing in all fantastic shapes. The only sign of vegetation was along the river bottoms, where might be seen groves of cottonwood, and where wild clover and other grasses grew luxuriantly.

In other places the landscape looked as if

SOME TERRIBLE SCOURGE

had passed over the country and left everything parched and dead. Nothing can be said or written to convey to those who have never visited Arizona the wonderful grandeur that meets the eye.

If a person should fall asleep in a distant land and be taken to different parts of Arizona and awakened, he would surely think he had died and come to life in another world, so striking in every respect would be the contrast.

We arrived at Grinnell's Station on the 2d of April, having traveled 85 miles. Here we found Capt. Calloway and his command. After resting here a few days we were again on the move, and that day saw a sight that indeed made us feel that we were in a wild and savage country. A short distance from Burk's, a deserted mail station, we came upon the stark body of a dead Apache Indian hanging by a rope around his neck to a mesquit tree.

We had with us two noted hunters and guides—Paul Weaver and King Wolsey. Wolsey said the Indian had been hanging there just a year. This may seem incredible, but it is a fact, as everything seems to dry up instead of decomposing. At the time the Indian was shot Wolsey was passing in a wagon, when the Indians,

WITH A TERRIFIC YELL,

burst upon them. Wolsey shot dead the foremost one, who was a chief; then fearing they would be overpowered, they cut the animals loose and rode to the station. On returning the next morning they found the dead Indian where he fell, and hung him up to the tree where we found him. The Apaches have a superstition about their dead, and never remove them. They dislike to frequent a spot where one of their number has been slain.

A short distance from here we came upon the graves of the Oatman family, surrounded by a rude inclosure, and an inscription cut on a board: "The graves of the Oatman family." This was a family of six persons making their way from the Pima village to Fort Yuma. They had reached this place and camped, when they were approached by a band of Indians.

Mr. Oatman had an idea that by treating the Indians kindly they would do no harm to the whites; so when the savages came up he

SPOKE KINDLY TO THEM

in Spanish and motioned them to sit down, which they did. He then gave them pipes and tobacco, which they smoked with seeming friendliness.

They then asked for something to eat. Mr. Oatman told them his family were nearly starving, and they could illy spare any portion of their scanty supply. He gave them a little flour, and said he was sorry he could give them no more. After this they stood off a little and talked in a low tone, while Oatman set to work to reload the wagon.

Suddenly, with a terrible yell, they jumped in the air and dashed with murderous intent upon the doomed family. A boy 14 years old was struck on the head and felled to the ground. Several of the savages rushed on Mr. Oatman. He was seen struggling for a moment in their midst, and then fell a mutilated corpse at their feet.

Mrs. Oatman, with a mother's devotion, pressed her youngest child to her breast, as if to save it from the terrible doom before them, shrieking in piercing accents. A few blows of the murderous clubs soon dispatched the

POOR MOTHER AND HER BABE.

Olive, a girl of 16, and Mary Ann, a slight child of 11, who had seen with horror their parents, brother and sister cruelly murdered, were dragged away through a wild and repulsive wilderness. Their sufferings were heartrending, and would fill a book. Mary Ann, but a weak child, died. Olive was afterward traded to the Mojaves, and through the services of Francisco, a Yuma Chief, a purchase of the captive from the Mojaves was effected by a Mr. Grinnell in 1856. She was greatly changed by exposure and the Indian mode of living, and it was not for some days after her arrival at Fort Yuma that she could speak more than a few

FATE OF AN APACHE.

words of English. After this she lived in both California and Oregon, and had been seen by a number of our boys. I only mention the sad fate of this family as one of many that have darkened the history of Arizona, and kept civilization from developing the mineral and agricultural wealth which lies within her borders.

But now

A GREAT FUTURE

is in store for Arizona. With the capture of Geronimo and his murderous band, and his expulsion from the Territory, passes into history, we hope, the last general outbreak of the North American savage in the United States.

After leaving Desert Station one morning, we—the "Jackass Battery"—had got considerably in advance of the command. At the time I was at the head of our little detachment, and looking far in the distance I saw upon a high knoll an Indian enveloped in a red blanket. Soon there was another, and in a few minutes the hill was covered with Indians, some on foot and some mounted. After watching us some time, one was seen to emerge from the rest, and starting his pony into a run made a bee-line for us. As he approached we could see that he was almost in a state of nudity. Upon reaching us he jumped from his horse with the agility of a cat, and coming up to me shook me by the hand, showing the same courtesy to all the rest. Then, speaking in English, he said, "Backer!"

After watching these proceedings and seeing no harm had befallen their comrade, all the Indians were seen advancing toward us. They were soon around us in large numbers and proved to be the Pimas, who were

FRIENDLY TO THE WHITES.

As we traveled along they surrounded us, and seemed to be perplexed and filled with wonder to know what our howitzers were for. It was evident they had never seen any before. Their jargon and grimaces were laughable, as they surveyed them with the greatest scrutiny and interest.

At last one, who seemed to be more quick-witted than the rest, pointed to the muskets on our shoulders and then to the howitzers, and by their wild gesticulations and expressive faces it was apparent to us they had

INDIAN BELLES AND MILITARY BEAUX.

solved the mystery—those strange things were guns, the same as the ones we carried.

We were camped at Casa Blanco, their principal village, for some time, and had a good chance to study their customs and ways of living. The Pimas numbered about 4,000. Shortly after our arrival the inhabitants of the whole village gathered around us, and Capt. Calloway, after talking with their chief, through an interpreter, cautioned us to do nothing to

EXCITE THE DISPLEASURE

of the Indians, and especially not to act improperly in any way with the Indian maidens. Then, in turn, Antonia, the head chief, made a wild, grotesque speech to his tribe.

The Pimas are not at all like their neighbors, the Apaches, and other mountain tribes, who glory in murder and pillage, but have always been friendly to the whites, and devote much of their time to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and stock-raising. Their lands along the Gila are very productive, and, considering their rude mode of cultivating the soil, produce large crops of wheat, pumpkins, beans, etc.

Ami White, a native of Maine, lived here for years in seclusion with the Indians. He bought much of their wheat, which he ground into flour in a little mill, using mules or horses for power. This he sold to the Overland Mail Co. and to the Government.

The Pimas were not accustomed to the ways of white men, and I remember one circumstance that struck them with awe. One of our comrades (David Harshaw) had a partial set of false teeth. While one of the Indians was looking at him he opened his mouth and showed a fine set of teeth, and then he shut and opened it again, and no teeth were to be seen. A look of fear was depicted on the face of the savage as he quickly beckoned for more of his companions to come and view

THIS MYSTERIOUS SIGHT.

The wants of these Indians are few. Their wigwams are built of poles so as to come together at the top, and are then interwoven with cornhusks and grass, which give them shelter from the sun and rain. They need no clothes, and go about almost in a state of nudity; the men wearing nothing but an apology for a garment about their loins, and the women and girls, of all ages, are perfectly nude above the waist.

The Indian girls seemed to court the attention of us gallant soldier boys, and in return we could not resist the pleasure of accepting the companionship these Indian maidens, in all their primeval beauty, bestowed upon us. Many a soldier was seen dividing his scanty meal with them, and in other ways entertaining these dusky maidens of the forest.

The Pimas, in defense of their homes, are a brave and courageous nation. While we were there, one morning their village seemed in the wildest commotion. Indians were riding back and forth on their ponies, armed with their bows, arrows and shields, in wildest excitement, shouting and gesticulating with the greatest earnestness. It was soon learned their murderous neighbors, the Apaches, had

KILLED TWO OF THEIR NUMBER

and driven off a herd of their cattle. The Pimas were soon in pursuit, and succeeded in retaking their cattle and getting even with the Apaches by slaying a number of them.

Up to this time there had been no communication with the Rio Grande. We knew there had been fighting between Gen. Canby and the Union soldiers on one side, and Gen. Sibley and the Confederates on the other, and it was very important that we should know the state of affairs there. Lieut. Chancey Welman, Co. A, 1st Cav., and 20 men, were fitted out with pack animals, and started on the 13th to make their way, if possible, across the mountain to Fort Craig, N. M., Gen. Canby's headquarters. They got along all right for several days, when one morning they found themselves surrounded by the dreaded Apaches. They gave up the perilous attempt, and were glad to reach the Pima village with their lives.

We were 90 miles from Tucson, and had been informed the rebel guerrilla Capt. Hunter was there with a large force. On the 14th we had orders to proceed to that place. We had a Pima Indian with us as guide. The whole distance is at some parts of the year entirely destitute of water, except what is found in wells dug by the Overland Mail Company. At other times water may be found in pools at a place called the Pecacho, a high peak half way between Pima and Tucson.

It seems the officers of our command had been informed by the Indian that the Texans

HAD A PICKET-GUARD

at the Pecacho, to be on the lookout and warn their comrades at Tucson of any approach of the California column.

Blue Water was our last camp before reaching Pecacho. Water here was only procured from a well, and we were forbidden to use any of it, as it was said the dead body of a man was lying at the bottom. A man's skull and other indications we found went to show that this was true.

On the morning of April 15, 1862, before leaving camp at Oneida, we had orders to proceed with the greatest caution, and under no circumstances were we to discharge a musket or make any unusual noise. The white covers were taken from our wagons, so they would not attract attention, and we started. Lieut. James Barrett, with 10 men, went as advance-guard. Barrett had orders if he found the presence of any number of the Texans to make no attack if possible to avoid it, but wait for the rest of the command.

They approached cautiously till they reached the Pecacho, about 3 o'clock p. m., when the Indian told them to stop, and then dropping on his hands and knees he crawled like a panther, as still as a cat, through the brush and grass, till he came to an opening, where he saw 10 or more men seated in a cirle

ON THE GRASS PLAYING CARDS.

They were not dreaming of the near approach of our command. They had been up on the mountain that morning, where they could command a view of the country we passed over, but failed to see us.

After taking a view of the situation the Indian turned back with the same shyness, not having been seen by the Texans, and reported to Lieut. Barrett what he had discovered.

Lieut. Barrett was a brave young officer, and knew no such thing as fear. He and his men, not thinking of their orders or the consequences, dashed in among them, telling them to surrender, which they were on the point of doing when Barrett, purposely or by accident, discharged his pistol, which they supposed was a movement to shoot them down. They returned the fire, killing Lieut. Barrett and Private George Johnson, and wounding several more. Three of the Texans gave themselves up as prisoners; the rest mounted their horses and rapidly disappeared.

Word soon reached us that our advance had come upon the enemy in the pass, and most of them had been killed. We were ordered to make all possible speed to the pass, which we did, traveling that day 28 miles, when we found matters as above related. The prisoners were sharply questioned, and said

THE TEXANS WERE IN TUCSON

in large numbers and strongly fortified. We had with us no Surgeon and no means of caring for our wounded, should we have a sharp engagement with the enemy.

As night approached we prepared to pass it as best we could. We put out strong guards and placed our little battery where we could command a clearing in front, and had everything ready for an attack should the Texans march on us before morning. We lay down to get what rest we could, and being tired out with the hard marches of the past few days, were soon unconscious of our lonely surroundings in a quiet and peaceful sleep.

Suddenly we were awakened by a command to turn out and help bury the dead. I don't know how long we had been sleeping, but the moon was shining brightly, and it was a beautiful night. We rose quickly in a half dazed condition. Could we believe the scenes around us were reality? or were we still sleeping? or had we passed to another sphere? The scenes being enacted before us in this

WILD PASS IN THE MOUNTAINS,

with hazy, misty light falling around and casting strange shadows upon the men as they moved about here and there like so

MASSACRE OF THE OATMAN FAMILY.

many specters, with now and then a command given in a whisper to perform the last sad duty to their comrades, seemed unnatural.

Our loneliness on this occasion is indescribable. We were cut off from all communication with the civilized world, in a desert and inhospitable country. Ahead of us was an enemy of whose numbers we knew little, and behind a forbidding desert of nearly 600 miles. To add still more to our loneliness, as the sound of the pick and shovel were heard, was the dismal howl of the wild coyote. Only those who participated in this scene in that far-away mountain pass, can picture us as we moved about like so many phantoms.

The graves being dug, without a word or a prayer we rolled the bodies in their blankets and laid them to rest. As I stood and gazed on these scenes the words I learned when a school-boy on the burial of Sir John Moore flashed quickly to my mind:

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the straggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Wm. Leonard had been shot through the neck. His pain was excruciating, and his groans could be heard at every hour of the night.

When morning came we could see the shadow of death upon his face, and he soon quietly passed away. We placed him by the side of his comrades and covered their graves with wild cactus, so the wolves would not disturb them, and our sad duty was over.

If anyone pessing over the Southern Pacific Railroad to California, will look out of the window on the right-hand side of the car between Tucson and Fort Yuma, while passing through the wild Pecacho, three lonely graves may be seen as we left them on that eventful night of April 15, 1862, a quarter of a century ago.

THE RETIRED LIST.

The Long Roll of Army and Navy Officers.

POINTS IN THE LAW

Governing Retirement, Voluntary and Compulsory.

USE AND ABUSE.

The List Incumbered by Many Unworthy Names.

BY FRANK Y. COMMAGERE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Recent publications show that so very little is known about the retired list of the Regular service that I think some definite information will be of interest to the general reader, as well as to most officers of the army and navy.

The retired list of the army at this date—I mean of commissioned officers—numbers 439. Of these 65 have been placed on the retired list under the law of June 30, 1882, which made retirement from active service compulsory upon reaching the age of 64 years, or 45 years of continuous service. This was the law that placed Gen. W. T. Sherman there Feb. 8, 1884; although while the bill was progressing through the two Houses of Congress, a single word at any time would have left him excepted from its operation, just as all other retiring laws had done before.

Sherman would say no word, though his friends urged him to do so; but he refused to speak in his own behalf, and so went out from active service to

THE REST HE NOW ENJOYS.

Prior to 1882, under the law of 1866, the General and the Lieutenant-General of the Army held life positions in active service, and were not subject to be placed upon the retired list. Gen. Sherman's non-action, therefore, also involved the Lieutenant-General, who succeeded as General-in-Chief, and who must also retire March 6, 1895, when he, too, becomes 64 years of age. That will leave the command of the army until the following September 29 to Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield; for Maj.-Gen. Terry retires (for age) Nov. 10, 1891, and Maj.-Gen. Oliver O. Howard Nov. 8, 1894.

These facts in the army laws present a striking anomaly with the navy laws of retirement, because the Admiral of the Navy and the Vice-Admiral of the Navy—Porter and Rowan respectively—are not subject to retirement unless they so desire.

By the act of 1882 it was specified that the General and Lieutenant-General of the Army, on reaching the age of 64 years, should continue to receive the

FULL PAY AND ALLOWANCES

of their respective grades, but the carping staff of the War Department at once decided that (February, 1884,) Aids-de-Camp were not part of Gen. Sherman's allowances, although the act of July, 1866, creating his grade, specified that the General of the Army should be allowed six Aids-de-Camp with the rank, pay and allowances of Colonel of Cavalry. Gen. Sherman did not get *that* allowance, and only at the last session of Congress was an appropriation made for a Private Secretary at a small salary.

The Army Register for 1887 shows upon the retired list the names of 469 officers, of which number 400 are placed there for various alleged causes of disability. Sixty-five of the total number went there under the compulsory retirement law of 1882, upon reaching the age of 64, and four are there by special acts of Congress; but the rest of them

MAKE AN INTERESTING STUDY.

The army retired list includes one General (Sherman—and there would have been two had Grant survived), five Major-Generals (Ricketts, Sickles, John C. Robinson, Carroll and Pope), 29 Brigadier-Generals (led off by the veteran Harney), 85 Colonels, 27 Lieutenant-Colonels, 51 Majors, 161 Captains, 80 First Lieutenants, 13 Second Lieutenants, four West Point Professors (all with the rank of Colonel), and 16 Chaplains, the latter rank being designated by soldiers as "Holy Joes," and by navy men as "Sky Pilots."

Of this number the retirements were for the following causes: Compulsory (64 years of age), 65; disability for the loss of a leg or an arm, 54; disability from wounds received in action, 96; disability incurred in the line of duty, 161; retired at their own request on reaching the age of 62 years, 14; retired on their own request on serving 40 years, 14; retired on their own request on serving 30 continuous years, 20; four officers are on the list by peremptory retirement by the President for 45 years' service, and 22 in the same way on reaching 62 years of age.

Nine officers are reported on the list as retired for disability *not incident to the service* (the italics are my own), and this

OPENS A WRETCHED STORY

if one would care to tell it. Nine other names are there under special acts of Congress, and some of the names are historic. Gen. W. H. Emory was advanced to Brigadier-General on his retirement as Colonel; Brig.-Gen. William A. Hammond, the dismissed Surgeon-General, has his name on the list (but drawing no pay whatever—only serves to keep some disabled officer off the list), and Fitz-John Porter is the last one placed there by legislation.

There was no statute providing for a retired list of the army until Aug. 3, 1861, when it was provided that the President, at discretion, might (after a board had reported) retire officers who had served over 40 years upon application, or for known incapacity for service. If he saw fit in a case brought before him, he might "wholly" retire the victim, *i. e.*, put him out of the service entirely with a year's pay. But that law allowed the President to place seven per cent. of the commissioned officers on the list, and the limit did not begin to meet the requirements. The "old army" was

FULL OF ELDERLY MEN

long past value for service, some bed-ridden from old age, others disabled from wounds and hard service on the frontier and in the Mexican and Seminole wars, and the per cent. limit did not reach all. These were men who still held their regimental and other commissions without ability to do service, and legislation was again asked for.

Congress responded, and the Act of July 17, 1862, gave the President the power, at discretion, to retire army officers who were over 62 years of age or who had served 45 years. The veteran Gen. William S. Harney (who still survives) got the benefit of the act for 45 years' service, much to his disgust, but was soothed by a brevet of Major-General. This law cleared away much of the dead matter that hampered the service, and things went well until 1866, when the army was so largely increased.

When the increase of the army came, special provision was made (which the increase was intended for) for officers and men who had

SERVED WITH DISTINCTION

in the volunteer forces and desired to continue a military career. Many young men, and some of middle life, of the volunteers, rushed to take advantage of this opportunity, and many of the appointees were men who had "stopped a shot" at some time during the great civil war. Young then, and with vigorous constitutions, they felt little or no effect from their wounds, but the hardships and exposure of frontier life in the rather vigorous Indian campaigns of 1866-7-8-9, broke many down, so that when the consolidation of the infantry regiments came in 1869 very many felt willing to go upon the "unassigned list," as the unattached officers were designated. When the consolidation was completed, 350 officers, ranging in rank from Colonel to Second Lieutenant, were left without commands, and legislation was had

TO DISPOSE OF THEM.

The laws passed provided for the disposition of many by examination before a board in cases where the subject was charged with any mental or moral delinquency; but this would embrace such a comparatively small number that the relief would be slight, and the limit of the retired list was increased to 300, so that those who had become disabled, and wished to remain in service, could be placed on the list. In this way it comes that considerably more than half of the officers now on the army retired list are there for wounds or other disability incurred in the volunteer service during the war.

Another class of retired officers should be considered here. The law of July 28, 1866, which increased the army and also made further provision for retirements, provided that officers disabled by wounds received in action during the war might be placed on the retired list "with full rank of the command

HELD WHEN WOUNDED."

That is, a Brigadier-General, commanding a division or *corps d'armee*, was eligible for retirement with the higher rank of Major-General (with the pay); and so also with Colonels who commanded brigades, or Majors and Captains in command of regiments, and so on. This was designed to benefit especially these officers who had held higher rank in the volunteers.

Thus, there are now over 50 officers in service retired with rank higher than they held lineally in the active service. Maj.-Gens. Sickles and John C. Robinson were Colonels of infantry; Maj.-Gen. Samuel S. Carroll was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and Maj.-Gen. James B. Ricketts, Major of Artillery. Brig.-Gen. Francis Fessenden was Captain in the 19th Inf., but had been Brigadier-General of volunteers; and so they range down until the Army Register shows even Lieutenants whose retirement from infantry regiments is changed to Lieutenants "mounted," giving them the difference between infantry and cavalry pay.

Several sections relating to this subject were adopted in the law of July 15, 1870, but the one which in recent years has been the favorite with the older officers who were in service before the war, is the provision allowing officers who have served continuously

FOR THIRTY OR MORE YEARS

to be retired upon making a request to the President to that effect. Twenty officers are now on the list under this provision, and every one is of the rank of Colonel or Lieutenant-Colonel. It is the same way with the retirements made for 40 years' service.

The next important legislation on army retirement was the act of June 18, 1878, which again increased the limit of the list—this time to 400. This was made necessary by the large number of officers, most of them in the line, who had broken down from hard service in the field in the Indian campaigns under Crook, Terry, Miles, Mackenzie, Edward Hatch and Merritt. Almost every one of these, too, had served through the war, and old wounds and hardships of the rebellion had transformed men of 40 years of age and thereabout into

PREMATURELY DECREPIT OLD MEN.

Under this law some 50 Captains, most of them of the cavalry, were retired for disability, and fully half of the rest of the hundred were Lieutenants.

These men in their war service had held rank that gave them commands from a company of infantry to a division, and the dire need of the rest the retired list would give is proved in the fact that in less than four years after more than half of these veterans had responded to the "last roll-call" and the bugles had blown the last "good-night" on earth over their graves. At this date even there are fully a score of gallant men waiting for "vacancies on the list," and here comes a point that should be studied and is bound at some day to be the subject of weeding legislation.

Every officer in the army knows of, and could readily point out on the Army Register, persons on the retired list who have